

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1814.

[NO. 46.]

(ORIGINAL.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ANTHONY AND SERAPHINA.

HOW thickly set is our passage through this world with thorns which wound us at every step. By combating and opposing them we frequently render the wound deeper and more incurable. I must travel they say, to dissipate the gloomy state of my mind. The idea of taking a journey as it were to run away from the recollection of the cause of my sorrow is too painful. Shame overtake thee Harry, thought I, when thou endeavourest to forget thy kind, cheerful and affectionate wife; who when living was thy bosom friend; thy refuge in every trial and disappointment, who freely shared and alleviated thy disquiets. I must travel says my friends; well, I have no objection; but I never can travel so fast, or so far, as to banish the remembrance of the past. Pure gentle spirit of my Harriet, be thou my guardian angel; guide and direct me; influence my wandering feet through the paths of virtue, which lead to thee and eternal happiness. I know not how long my thoughts would have been thus occupied. I was seated on a bench near my house, my two motherless babes were at my feet, playing with a kitten, unconscious of the emotions which disturbed the peace of their father. I was suddenly roused by an exclamation of, "ah this is my Harry?" I immediately recognised, and held in my arms, my long absented friend Carlos. Oh my Carlos said I, friend of my youth and companion of my happier days; how sincerely did you rejoice and participate in my domestic felicity; it is gone, it is fled for ever. Sudden has been the change, and short the duration of my earthly happiness. Alas! my friend, heaven has recalled my Harriet, has deprived me of my peace, and the best, the noblest part of my existence; and left me not a wish to remain behind. "Stop said he, placing my children on his knee, has she not left these precious deposits in your care, exact resemblance of herself; are they not loud calls upon you?" My children, ah! the father melted within me, my heart was rent with conflicting sensations; I relieved its oppression on his bosom. This tender, soothing attention, to my weakness, calmed the poignancy of my feelings. How readily does a soul in sorrow imbibe the cordial balm of the sweet consoling voice of friendship.

I know not my dear Aunt, whether you will condemn me for consenting to accompany Carlos on a visit to his cousin Mr. Purville, on condition that he will return and remain with me during the approaching winter. As the distance is one hundred and thirty miles, and we shall take my carriage and not travel very fast it is not probable that we shall return before the expiration of four months. Therefore, according to the wishes of my dear sister,

I leave my children in her care; she has none of her own, she will indeed be a mother to them. A mother! O my Harriet, look with compassion and pity on me, thou hast left me; I too will leave the house, the rooms, the fields, and the bench, on which we were wont to converse with rapture on the prospect before us. Even while I gazed, the sun of my morning disappeared; gloomy clouds thickly gathering around, left me in darkness and woe. Come, says Carlos, every thing is ready I stepped into the carriage, I left my house and home; it was the first time I had been without the pales of my inclosure during four months: the idea some how or other sunk me in sullen silence. I could attend to nothing but the motion of the wheels which were conveying me hence. The first part of my journey was most truly disagreeable: Carlos did every thing in his power to engage my attention and render me comfortable. I felt grateful for his assiduities, and exerted my utmost endeavour to appear so. As Mr. Rorer's lay in our road we called; and through the earnest intreaty of that gentleman, we were prevailed upon to spend three days at his house. He is a man, whose charity and benevolence do honour to humanity, and to human nature;—whose probity and exemplary conduct, render him universally beloved and esteemed. His emaciated appearance considerably diminished the pleasure I expected to have received on seeing him; he laboured under the pressure of a severe misfortune, which threatened to undermine and cut the thread of his existence. His son, his only child, a young man of the most promising abilities, who was on his return from a voyage to the East Indies, was accidentally drowned. This cruel reverse of fate, has blasted the peace of this good man: he gave his son permission to go very much against the consent of his wife, who was a little turbulent woman, little calculated to assuage and mitigate the grief which preyed on the constitution of this unhappy father. On the morning of our departure, we left him with the kindest wishes for the restoration of his health, and a promise to call again when we returned. It was near the close of day when we stopped at a farm house to inquire the distance to the next town; when my attention was attracted by an old man, who was seated under the shade of a venerable walnut tree; its appearance produced the idea of its having been planted by its ancient owner. Ah, you ugly cur, what do you here, says he to a dog which had just been worrying a lamb, which seemed to say, he was sorry: while a little girl, whose face was still wet with the tears she had shed over the fate of her lamb, which had just expired in her arms, reminded me of the way, which all must go, just like the poor lamb. I approached the old man, and was pleased with the expression of his countenance; there was something in it which I liked. I took a seat beside him on the bench: ah! said he, with a good natured smile, that's right, that's as it should be, you are weary—

you can rest yourself I have often found myself weary too when the toil and labour of the day was over; then I would most deliciously rest myself on this bench, while my grandchildren listened to the tales of my youth: the care and attention I receive from my children, and the cheerful contentment and harmony which exists among them, renders my old age easy and comfortable. Looking round I perceived Carlos conversing with a person whom the old man told me was his son: they approached and took a seat with us on the bench. It is ten miles said he to the next town; if you will tarry here until morning, you shall be welcome to the best my house affords. I liked the old man, the old tree, the old bench, and the pleasant countenance which accompanied the invitation, which induced me to accept it. Carlos, what say you: O said the old man's son, the gentleman has promised to stay, if you do not refuse.

We were called to supper, which was prepared by a young woman whose bright eyes and pretty figure might excite the envy of some of our greatest city belles. O Nancy, says her sister, mother says we cannot go now; where did you want to go, my children, demanded the father: only a little way, but it is no matter now. No matter! sweet girls, I thought it was a great matter, when Carlos (who had been talking with them while they were spinning) told me they had promised to accompany their sweethearts to a dance in the neighbourhood that evening.

Friend John, says I, while we were at supper, you have a comfortable little spot here; you have a pretty family; you appear to have no wish ungratified. "I shall be completely so," he replied, "when a little more hard labour enables me to purchase some sheep, to furnish my family with wool, and a horse and waggon to carry my produce to market." Is that all that is wanting, exclaim'd Carlos, to make you completely happy? at the same time laying his purse on the table: Providence has put it in my power to add to the happiness of others, by giving me more than I want; and I will freely share with you the overplus. No, reply'd John, kind generous stranger, I cannot accept it, keep it for some more deserving and more needy: I am inured to toil and labour, by which, if heaven spares me life and health, I can soon earn enough for that purpose: well, said Carlos, if you persist in refusing it as a gift, keep it as a loan; and if your generous disposition inclines you to appropriate it for the purpose of relieving the unfortunate I shall be amply repaid.

Next morning according to our desire our carriage was ready, and we proceeded on our journey, attended by the thanks and good wishes of this worthy family. The sun had attained its meridian when we were within twelve miles of Mr. Purville's and the weather being excessive warm, and having more than sufficient time to arrive there by the close of the day we alighted in the vicinity of a charming little woods, in which we were induced to

take a rambling. We had proceeded near a mile and being fatigued we seated ourselves on the banks of a little rivulet, conversing on the sudden transition of human affairs, which often reduce people from the highest possible degree of happiness, to the lowest abyss of misery and wretchedness. Here we was interrupted by the most piercing cries of distress, which drew our attention and immediately directed our steps to that part of the wood from whence the sound proceeded: as we approached near, we distinctly heard a female say, "Anthony, as you expect mercy on the day of judgment, have mercy on me now;—have compassion on my youth; have pity on your sleeping infant." Cursed fiend, replied he, call it not mine, thou vile deceiving hypocrite, mine? there is madness in the thought. I can bear it no longer: I am determined to bury my disgrace in oblivion by putting an end to both thy existence and that living monument of thy shame; therefore will I leave thee here to perish: thou may repent of thy crime, and consider well the feelings of an injured husband. Unhappy woman! the remembrance of thy charms which beguiled my heart and lulled me in security of thy innocence, will cause a pang in the latest period of my life.

(To be continued.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

"The esteem of mankind is infinitely better than sometimes their admiration."

ROUSSEAU.

WHILE the least deviation from prudence blasts the character of woman, man, by the courtesy of the world, may indulge every lawless appetite without the fear of reproach; and often rises in reputation as he becomes notoriously licentious. He may be profane and false, a gamester and intemperate, and seduce and betray us poor creatures for his pastime; while we are insulted and despised by those, who applaud and flatter him for his fashionable vices. And what vexes most, our own sex are the principal cause of the criminal behaviour, to which they doom themselves a sacrifice. For nothing takes with them so much, as a *fine gentleman*, however contaminated by vice. I sincerely believe that men generally hate a seducer more than we do. Though we dare not openly justify him, the finger of scorn we incessantly point at the victim of his libidinous passion, shows we think him very excusable. We, indeed, are our own worst enemies, and in most cases have no reason to complain of attempts on our virtue. Alas! too often are they invited and provoked. Little should we have to fear from the most depraved libertines, did we treat them as we ought. Few, indeed, would there be of them, did we always frown contempt on licentiousness. Though men boast themselves lords of the creation, it is we, who, since the days of Eve, have ruled the world by the irresistible blandishments we inherit from beneficent nature. Who but Delilah could deliver the *Strong Man* to his enemies? Who but beautiful Helen, for ten bloody years, embroiled Europe and Asia in a war, that laid heaven-defended Troy in ruins? Whom but lovely Thais did Macedonia's Madman obey, when returning from the conquest of the world! And even

Cæsar, the statesman and warrior, whose only crime was ambition, yielded to Cleopatra's fascinations, and nearly forgot his plans of greatness in her folding arms. Such is the power we exercised of old, when men were barbarous and tyrannical. The effeminate habits of modern times have rendered our would-be masters more submissive; and for centuries we have made the proudest monarchs tremble by a nod, or have melted their stubborn hearts with a smile. Fully convinced of our power to do every thing, because there is nothing but what we have done, though I am afraid we have done more evil than good, I have determined to attempt a reform in the manners of the age. And when we consider that our own character depends upon that of the rest of society, we all, or at least such of us as wish to be thought virtuous, shall see an immediate interest in restraining and correcting the prevailing licentiousness. We alone can accomplish this undertaking. The men have neither the power or inclination to do it. As one of their own poets says, they had ever been *brutes* without us. My plan is very simple; and that it is practicable, I have no doubt, if we are only true to ourselves. For there is nothing but what men will do, to please us. The fierce Achilles once carded and spun for, I believe, Deidamia. But why tell you that? Is there a single soul of you, that has not had some love-sick swain sighing his bitter complaints in her ear? Yes, every one of you, that is formed and fashioned with the least of lovelines, has witnessed more such scenes than it would be proper to describe. We have made all the men fools: let us now make them wise. In short, let us, in future, mark with our *pointed disapprobation*, all immoral behaviour—no matter what fascinating accomplishments may veil its disgusting deformity—no matter in what brilliant circles it may move—no matter what power and consequence may promise it impunity. By this necessary security, let us assert our just pre-eminence, and show the world our utter detestation of *vice*. Then may we and our posterity be adored as much for virtue, as we are courted for personal attractions. Then never shall a frail sister, the victim of her own imprudence, raise a blush on the cheek of virgin purity. Then never shall the lewd and impure encounter the appalling glance of female indignation—and society, purified and ennobled, shall then restore the beloved image of pristine innocence.

LUCRETIA.

Curious Account of the Fraternity of the PENITENTS OF LOVE, an institution established in Languedoc some centuries ago.

THE superstition and enthusiasm which marked the religion of the age, had communicated their peculiarities to the military spirit, and even to the amorous passion of the times; and indeed, in no one case was it ever carried to a greater pitch of extravagance, than by the present fraternity; which was supported by a kind of contention between its male and female members, who should best sustain the honour of amorous fanaticism.

Their object was to prove the excess of their love, by bearing with invincible constancy, the extremes of heat and cold. Accordingly, the resolute knights and squires, the flames and damsels, who had the hardiness to

embrace this severe institution, dressed themselves, in the heat of summer, with the thickest mantles, lined with the warmest furs.

By this they demonstrated, according to the ancient poets, and those who strove to immortalize their gallant virtues, that "love works the most wonderful and extraordinary changes.

In winter, their love, still deaf to the ignoble voice of comfort and convenience, again perverted the dictates of the seasons. They then clothed themselves in the lightest and thinnest stuffs that could be procured. It was a crime to wear fur on a day of the most piercing cold; or to appear with a hood, cloak, gloves, or muff.

The flame of love kept them sufficiently warm!

Fires all the winter were utterly banished from their houses; and they dressed their apartments with ever-greens; and in the most intense frosts, their beds were covered only with a piece of canvass.

Thus accommodated, and thus attired, they passed the greater part of the day abroad, wandering about from castle to castle, wherever they were summoned by the inviolable duties of love and gallantry; so that many of these devotees, during so desperate a pilgrimage, perished by the inclemency of the weather; and received the crown of martyrdom to their profession.

Is it not strange that the ingenuity of man should be so frequently and so successfully exerted to curtail life and to destroy its comforts? While, at the same time, he has never been ashamed, in any age or country, to complain of the shortness of existence, and the paucity of its enjoyments! The severe precepts of mistaken religion, it seems, are sometimes insufficient for our torment, and we are obliged to pervert the sources even of the dearest delights and relaxations, to fill up the idle catalogue of voluntary sufferings. In matters of love, however, at least, we are at length grown wiser; and the love stricken maidens and amorous youths of the present day, prefer less severe ways of proving their attachment; and (notwithstanding all the noise which is sometimes made about antiquity, and I know not what of ancestral reverence,) permit me to say, in the language of the poet,

"Let ancient manners other men delight,
But me the moderns please, as more polite."

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM SMYRNA.

"WE have received intelligence of a dreadful calamity having overtaken the largest caravan of the season, on its route from Mecca to Aleppo. The caravan consisted of 2000 souls; merchants and travellers from the Red Sea and Persian gulph, pilgrims returning from performing their devotions at Mecca, and a numerous train of attendants, the whole escorted by 400 military. The march was in three columns. On the 18th August last they entered the great Arabian Desert, in which they journeyed seven days, and were already approaching its edge.—A few hours more would have placed them beyond danger; but alas! they were not permitted to return in safety.—On the morning of the 23d, just as they had struck their tents and commenced their march, a wind rose from the Northeast and blew with tempestuous violence. They increased the rapidity

of their march to escape the threatening danger; but the fatal Kamsin had set in. On a sudden dense clouds, were observed whose extremity obscured the horizon, and swept the face of the desert. They approached the columns and obscured the line of march. Both men and beasts struck by a sense of common danger, uttered loud cries. The next moment they fell beneath its pestiferous influence lifeless corpses. Of 2000 souls composing the caravan, not more than 20 escaped this calamity.—They owed their safety to the swiftness of their dromedaries.—*Salem Gazette.*

ABOU TAIB.

AN EASTERN TALE.

ABOU TAIB Emperor of India, ascended the throne of his fathers amidst the acclamations of his people, and blessed with all that nature or fortune could bestow to confer happiness. His treasures surpassed computation, and forty nations submitted implicitly to his sceptre. His seraglio was filled with the greatest beauties of the East, his table constantly furnished with a round of the most luxurious dainties, and nothing which sense can desire, or capricious fancy invent, was denied to Abou Taib.

One day as he walked in his palace reflecting on his power, his wealth, and the various means of pleasure he possessed; a messenger arrived to inform him, that one of the principal nobles of his court was suddenly dead. This melancholy and unexpected event entirely occupied his thoughts. Alas! said he, what is every thing that ambition can attain, or wealth procure! One end happeneth to all, and death, which concludes the woes of the beggar, shall one day terminate the power and splendor of the Emperor of Indostan. Were life eternally to endure what I enjoy were indeed much to be prized: but of what value are riches, pleasure, or power, while the loss of them is thus certain!

At the same moment, a burst of thunder shook the palace to the foundation, and the genius Abasson stood before the monarch.

Repining mortal, said the ethereal vision, I have heard thy murmurs, and that thou mayst no longer have reason for such complaints, take this talisman, and at the end of any day hereafter, which thou hast spent in pleasures and delight, apply it to thy forehead, forming a wish that the next may be perfectly like it; and thou shalt find each following one exactly the same in every event and enjoyment, nor shall they cloy by repetition; thou shalt be new to the pleasures of each successive day, as if the preceding had never been. The day thou wilt fix on is left to thy choice; only be careful how thou usest my gift, and chuse that, the delights of which thou wouldst perpetuate with prudence; for having once employed the charm, thou wilt have no power to reverse it, but wilt be necessitated continually to repeat the felicity first chosen: so saying the genius disappeared.

Abou Taib received the talisman with inexpressible joy, believing now that an immortality of pleasure was in his power, and not doubting but he should soon be able to fix on the day of which the constant return should produce a never-ceasing round of perfect happiness.

But this was not so easy as he had at first supposed. Every evening when he came to reflect on the circle of hours that had just fled,

he constantly found something too unsatisfactory in the pleasures they had presented, for him to expect much delight from their repetition. Hope continually allured him on to look forwards to some happier moments, which might better deserve perpetuity. This felicity, however, was continually expected, but never arrived. Every successive day pleased him still less than the past.

In the mean time, age crept upon Abou Taib. Those enjoyments which he had found so imperfect in the fervour of youth, appeared still less satisfactory in his declining years. Yet, strange infatuation of the sorceress Hope! his chimerical expectations of greater happiness to come, daily increased.

At last while fancy was amusing him with scenes of future, and for ever recurring bliss, an acute disorder seized upon Abou Taib. His gaiety, his vigour, and every capacity of enjoying pleasure fled before it; nor was it long ere the most experienced of his physicians pronounced he had not six hours to live. Shocked at the hasty approach of the angel of death, and resolved to avail himself of his talisman, he applied the gift of the genius, from which he had promised himself never ending pleasure, to perpetuate extreme and eternal anguish!

His misery soon made him desirous to invite that death he had been so solicitous to shun, but the fatal charm was not to be reversed. Day after day he started from the same dreadful dreams, to suffer the same round of sickness, pain, and torture.

The genius, at length, pitying his condition, and moved by his prayer, appeared again before him. Man of many follies, cried he, murmur no more at the decrees of heaven; repine not at the flight of pleasures you have not thought worth repeating! Why should you blame the shortness of a life in which you have been so unwilling to protract, even your highest enjoyments? Whatever applies to every part, must apply to the whole; and what is true of every day of our lives, must be true of life in general. What, then, in praying for its continuance, do you wish to be continued? The flattering dreams of imagination, and the fallacious promises of hope never completely fulfilled; but repeatedly, nay almost always, utterly falsified. Let those who hear your story, learn by your example, to remain contented with the condition Providence has allotted them; and remember, that even the end of their imperfect happiness, is to be considered as an addition to the little felicity they enjoy.

The genius ended, and the angel of death, to him the angel of bliss, closed the eyes of Abou Taib.

HABIT OF READING.

The "Spectator" remarks, that in order to allure persons to a habit of reading, it is only necessary that they should read a little, frequently, and if they do this, he cares not whether the subject be "Tom Thumb," or "Thomas Aquinas;" gross nonsense or profound argument. Not that considerable preference is wanting; but he is persuaded that those who read the first attentively, will soon wish to study the second.

Weekly Museum

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

Copious translations from the French papers, by the Meteor, show the movements of great bodies of French troops that are organizing and marching to different stations for the defence of the French empire, which, by the same papers, is actually invaded by the Allies.

The privateer schr. Viper, Dithurbide, of this port, has arrived at New-Bedford, having made three prizes: one a very valuable ship of 300 tons, of 12 guns, and 13 men, bound from Jamaica to Liverpool, with a cargo of cotton, logwood, coffee, indigo, &c.

Also, a schr. from St. Thomas's bound to Halifax with rum. Also, a Spanish schr. with a British licence, from Bermuda, with sugar.

One of the U. S. gun boats stationed at St. Mary's has taken in for adjudication, the Swedish ship Society from Liverpool bound to Amelia Island, with a cargo of dry goods valued at ten thousand pounds sterling.

The British brig Friends, a prize to the Diomedé, laden with rum from Grenada, bound to Halifax, was chased ashore last week at the South side of Long-Island, by three men of war.

A desperate attempt was lately made at Kingston, Jamaica, by the American prisoners confined on board the prison ship there, to effect their liberty, by attacking the guard; which proved unsuccessful; in which six were killed, six severely wounded, and eleven who jumped overboard, are supposed to be drowned.

A coloured man named Joshua Marker, about 19 years of age, was tried and convicted last week on the clearest evidence, of having a few days before committed a Rape on Nancy Barr, a white child of about 13 years of age.

The account given in a letter from Washington last week about the defeat of Gen. Floyd, by the Creek Indians must be charged to the fabrications of the day, as nothing more about it has come to hand since.

By accounts from Detroit it appears that the British are assembling a considerable force again in the upper part of Upper Canada.

The coroner was last week called on to view the body of Bridget Ragland a native of Ireland, aged 24, who was thrown in the fire by her husband, on the 27th February last, and burnt in so shocking a manner as that she expired the 11th of March at the New-York Hospital. Inquest—Murdered.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Israel Robinson to Miss Sarah Pitt, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Gabriel L. Lewis to Miss Ann Maria Champlin, daughter of John T. Champlin, esq.

By the rev. Mr. Matthews, Mr. William Onderdonk, junr. of the house of Holmes and Onderdonk, to Miss Maria Holmes.

By the rev. Ralph Williston, Mr. Christopher Heiser to Miss Sarah Kennedy, daughter of Mr. Thomas H. Kennedy all of this city.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mr. Raymond Surre, aged 63 years.

At Vergennes, (Vt.) Mr. John M'Cready of the U. S. flotilla on Lake Champlain, aged 23 years, son of Mr. Thomas M'Cready, of this city.

Near Jamaica, (L. I.) Mr. William Smith, of this city, aged 32 years.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 48 persons from the 5th to the 12th inst.

Seat of the Muses.

From the Columbian Patriot.

THE SAILOR'S DYING HOUR.

THE Eagle graceful wav'd in air,
And shouts of vict'ry swell'd the gale,
While homeward bound, bright Glory's Star,
The CONSTITUTION spread her sail.
And now the direful battle's din
Had ceas'd along the wave to roar,
And Pity bending o'er the scene,
Did many a gallant youth deplore.
Pale, on the deck young William lay,
While, from his breast, the purple flood
In ebbing torrents flow'd away,
And mingled with his mess-mates' blood.
Beside him knelt a friend most true,
On whom reclin'd his dying head,
And the pure drops of friendship due,
Fast down his mournful visage sped.
"O, tell my MARY," cried the youth,
"Though fate's dark clouds around us lower,
Yet does her love, and holy truth,
Illume her sailor's dying hour.
And though the voyage of life is o'er,
And 'neath the wave I soon shall rest,
Remember, when her love's no more,
In vict'ry's arms he died most blest."
He said... and on the pensive crew
Then turn'd his dim and closing eye,
'Twas done! — the parting spirit flew,
While each, responsive, heav'd the sigh.
But He, who rides upon the storm,
And in the whirlwind shews His power,
Though ocean hide the sailor's form,
Supports him in the dying hour.

THE ARABIAN MAID'S INVOCATION TO THE MOON.

BY G. WALKER.

PROFITIOUS moon! whose peaceful beams
O'er Theban deserts stray,
Sip at the Nile's prolific streams,
And midst the whirlwind play,
Attend, and grant a virgin's pray'r;
Her timid wishes hear:
Take my Alcanzer to thy care,
His lonely footsteps cheer.
While e'er the desert, dark and wide,
He treads the dang'rous way,
Be thy bright orb his certain guide,
Until returning day.
From where the sanguine lions prowl,
Direct his feet aright:
Nor let the fierce Hyena's howl
Add horrors to the night.
Where not a shrub, where not a spire
Of grass is seen to grow,
Where nature breathes destructive fire,
And where no fountains flow,
Let thy cool rays refresh the air,
And spicy breezes bring;
And let my lover, by thy care,
Explore the secret spring.
There may he rest on banks of balm,
And from the limpid stream
The burning heat within him calm,
While basking in thy beam;
While round the patient camels kneel,
Forgetful of their toil,
The noon-day blaze no more they feel,
Nor from their loads recoil.
Then shall he gaze with grateful mind,
Upon thy radiant face;
Think on the maid he left behind,
And all his steps retrace:
Till lull'd by softest scents that move
On zephyrs through the air,
He sinks to sleep, and dreams of love
His slumb'ring visions share.

THE TEAR.

HOW sweet is the tear of regret,
That drops from humanity's eye;
How lovely the cheek that is wet,
And the bosom that throbs with a sigh.
This world is a sorrowful stage,
A valley of weeping and woe;
From childhood to garrulous age,
The tear uninvited will flow.

Our own or another's distress,
Will force the bright lustres to fall;
Nor can the mild bosom do less
Than grieve for the sorrows of all;
For he that has naught to impart;
May at least give the wretched a tear;
'Twill comfort the desolate heart,
When no other comfort is near.

The Saviour in Sympathy wept,
And gave the divinest relief,
(When Lazarus mortally slept.)
To the sisters o'erwhelmed with grief.
He sorrowed for Solyma's doom
As he sat upon Olivet's steep,
He thought on her judgments to come,
And pity constrain'd him to weep.

The seers and the prophets of old,
A noble and heavenly throng,
Were cast in a generous mould,
With passions for sympathy strong;
They wept out of pity for man,
To see him so vile and so base,
And rivers of sorrow have ran,
For Adam's degenerate race.

Ah! give me the penitent tear,
That flows from contrition divine!
It brings the sweet comforter near,
Of pardon the pledge and the sign;
True grief may endure for a night,
But beauty for aches shall bloom,
And sorrow subside with delight,
When peace, hope and favor illume.

When after long absence, a friend,
Returns to delight us, and kiss,
Our tears with our extacies blend,
And sweets the fruition of bliss;
Then gay is the tear of delight,
When rapture the bosom o'erflows,
Like a star on the azure of night,
Or a dew-drop that falls from the rose.

Morality.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE utmost of a Woman's character is contained in domestic life; first, her piety towards God; and next, in the duties of a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a sister.

A prudent woman is in the same class of honour as a wise man.

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty and innocence; without which beauty is ungraceful, and quality contemptible.

The liberality of Nature in the person is frequently attended with a deficiency in the understanding.

Love cannot long be concealed, where it is: nor dissembled, where it is not.

Among the best of men there is hardly one to be found, but has been liable to be hanged at least ten times in his life, if all his actions and thoughts were strictly to be examined — We are so far from being good, according to the laws of God, that we cannot be so according to our own.

The world can never be so bad, but an honest man will at one time or other be thought good for something.

Nothing promotes Fixation of thought more than the closing of our eyes; for, according to the Arabian Proverb, When the five windows,

those of the Sense, are shut up, the house of the mind is then fullest of light.

It has been said of an astrologer, that he foretold his own end to the very day and hour. He lived perfectly in health till the last minute of his time, and then hanged himself for the honor of his prediction.

The ordinary manner of spending their time, is the only way of judging of any one's inclination and genius.

It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. Fab. Maximus said, he was a greater coward that was afraid of Reproach, than he that fled from his enemies.

Socrates, when informed of some derogating speeches one had used of him behind his back made only this facetious reply, let him beat me too, when I am absent.

A clear conscience fears no accusation.

It is harder to avoid censure than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life, without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

Envy is fixed only on Merit; and like a sore eye, is offended with every thing that is bright.

A good life doth not silence calumny; but it certainly disarms it.

There is seldom any thing uttered in malice, which turns not to the hurt of the speaker. — Ill reports do harm to him that makes them; and to those they made too, as well as those they are made of.

Some have a perfidious trick to ruin a man by commendations; to praise for small things that they may disparage successfully for greater. It is the worst of malice says Plutarch, to intermix with reproaches some praises, that the accusations may gain a firmer belief.

Less of wit will serve joined with ill-nature, than with good.

Anecdote.

A shoemaker, who had a vote in the election of members of parliament in England, went constantly to a house of entertainment that was opened on the side of one of the candidates, where meat and liquors were very liberally furnished. When the election came on, Crispin gave his vote against the gentleman, on whose side he had all along eaten and drank; and being reproached for the business of his conduct he burst into a fit of laughter, and said, *Ever whilst you live, quarter upon the enemy.*

When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV, his Majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and the priest. "What is the meaning of this?" said the king. "I caused it to be given out," replied the prelate, "that your Majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might see who it was that came here to worship God, and who flatter the king."

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